

JUSTIFIED

"A Force of Nature"

Written by

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Previously on 'Justified' ...

- Raylan and his ex-wife, Winona start upon the road to reconciliation.
- Raylan continues his bizarre and tumultuous relationship with his estranged father, Arlo.

TEASER

EXT. USED CAR DEPOT - LOT - DUSK

Super: Orland Park, Illinois

An expanse of automobiles as far as the eye can see. Convivial banners stream from the light-posts; signs boast unimaginable savings. As we PAN AROUND the activity, a VOICE cuts through. A man.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Seats six total.

Among the scattered shoppers and salesmen, we land on PETE KOTREDES (42), Texas charm, dressed in a cheap suit. The kind of guy who looks like he's made some bad decisions. But he's good at his job. And right now he's trying desperately to impress --

ADAM and SARAH, a mid-twenties couple, who are presiding over a used, but new looking station wagon. The price sticker in the windshield reads: "\$14,000". Pete leads them around the car.

PETE (CONT'D)

Three up front and three in the back. More than enough room for all the kiddoes and their friends. Cargo space for that family camping trip, maybe to transport the science-fair projects? Rover'll feel right at home in the back here. Top it off, this beauty gets thirty-four miles to the gallon. Tailored to the needs of the modern parent.

(pointing to the sticker)

And it's a great deal.

Sarah likes what she's hearing, but Adam's resolute.

ADAM

I know what the sticker says. Everyone knows that isn't the real price. How much really?

Pete focuses on Adam, looks him right in the eye --

PETE

What are you looking to spend?

ADAM

We can't go more than ten.

PETE

That's going to be tough. Tell you what. I'll absorb the taxes, deduct the registration fee from the sticker price. Get you in this thing for thirteen even.

ADAM

Eleven--

SARAH

Adam--

ADAM

We talked about this, Sarah.

(to Pete)

Eleven. That's all we can afford.

Pete stops walking. He lowers his voice like he's telling Adam a secret.

PETE

Look. I would love to sell you this car for eleven thousand dollars. Believe me. But at that price we wouldn't be breaking even. We'd be losing money.

(beat)

The truth? I can put you on the road for twelve. That's as low as I can go. Sound fair?

Adam and Sarah look at one another, each wondering what the other is thinking. Hold on Pete as they begin to discuss.

SARAH (O.S.)

Adam? I like it. It's perfect...

ADAM (O.S.)

... It's five years old. Think about the kind of money we'll have to put into maintenance alone. There's no warranty...

PUSH IN on Pete, watching. But not the couple now. He's transfixed by something behind them. Whatever it is has caused a hint of fear to creep behind his eyes. The sound drops out as he studies it.

PETE'S POV -- A man, call him FRED (30s, menacing), moves between cars at the far edge of the lot. Occasionally, he looks up at Pete as he watches. A pang of recognition. Does Pete know him?

Then Fred looks up and locks eyes with him. The two stand staring at each other. The blood drains from Pete's face. Like he's seeing a ghost. Hold on Pete, as --

ADAM (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Sir?... Excuse me, sir?

Pete snaps out of it. He looks to Adam, realizes he's been trying to get his attention --

PETE
I'm sorry?
(beat)
What?

ADAM
We really can't go above eleven. Thanks
for your time...

Adam sticks out his hand for Pete's shake. Pete obliges, but his mind is elsewhere. He gives the two a blank stare as they begin to walk off.

PETE
Thank you...

He watches them go for a moment, then looks back to where Fred was, but he's gone.

INT. USED CAR DEPOT - PETE'S OFFICE - LATER

A small, corner office with a desk, bad carpeting and a view of the street. Pete stands nervously at the window, peering out through the blinds. If he was troubled before, he's even more so now.

PETE'S POV -- A WHITE PASSENGER VAN sits parked across the street. Inside, two men: Fred and another man, JERRY (30s, stalky with dark features). Pete watches discreetly, nervously.
CUT ACROSS TO:

INT. WHITE VAN - SAME

Fred looks at Jerry who's sitting in the driver's seat.

FRED
He still in there?

Jerry pulls a set of binoculars to his eyes, looks toward Pete's window. Through the binoculars we see Pete's window; a couple of the blinds are parted. Between them, Pete's looking out at us --

JERRY
Yep.

He puts the binoculars down and looks to Fred.

JERRY
Let's just go in there.

FRED
No. We wait.

JERRY
We've waited long enough.

FRED
(putting his foot down)
We wait.

Jerry settles back into his seat, then raises the binoculars again and looks at Pete peering out at him --

INT. USED CAR DEPOT - PETE'S OFFICE - SAME

Pete drops to the floor, realizing they've seen him, his mind racing.

VOICE (O.S.)
Pete? What are you doing? You okay?

Pete looks up, sees a CO-WORKER (20's, male) standing in the doorway. Pete smiles and tries to recover.

PETE
Nothing. Yeah, I just...
(beat)
You see anyone in here asking about me earlier?

CO-WORKER
Not that I know of. ... Why?

PETE
No reason...

The Co-worker knows better, but gives Pete a strange look and walks off. Hold on Pete as his worry returns.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The suburbs. The moon throws cascading light over a long row of nearly identical houses. The silence is broken as a CAR whips around a corner, coming to an abrupt stop at the curb.

Pete exits and races across a manicured lawn toward a wooden fence with a gate. He opens it, stumbling into --

EXT. A BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

He races through to the other side of the yard, dodging a myriad of toys scattered on the ground. With a running start he lunges, grabs the top of the fence and hoists himself over --

EXT. PETE'S BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Pete lands in another yard, feet from his HOUSE. A little winded, he gathers himself. A hint of relief washes over him as he sees LORRAINE (35, warm) sitting with BEN (4) through the kitchen window. He steels himself, marches up the porch stairs and into --

INT. PETE'S HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Pete bursts in, rousing Lorraine and Ben.

LORRAINE

Pete--

(seeing he's skittish)

Is everything all right?

PETE

Go upstairs and pack a bag--

LORRAINE

What?

PETE

We have to go. Get your stuff together.

Lorraine gets up from the table and moves to him, thrown.

LORRAINE

What are you talking about, babe? What's going on?

Pete sees the worry etched on her face. He softens, puts her head in his hands, looks at her with an air of desperation.

PETE

(soft but urgent)

I'm in some trouble. I promise everything's going to be fine. But right now I need you to do exactly what I tell you--

LORRAINE

Peter... what's the matter--

PETE
(lost and frustrated)
We don't have time for this! Just, please
get your things!--

Lorraine resigns, shaken. She moves to Ben, lays a hand on his
frightened arm --

LORRAINE
C'mon sweetheart. Let's go get some
things together. Can you do that for me?

BEN
Okay...

She picks Ben up and hurries out of the room. Stay with Pete as
he moves to a door, opens it quickly, racing into --

INT. PETE'S HOME - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Pete clears the stairs and moves to a small carpet. He pulls it
back revealing a compartment in the floor. He tears it open,
retrieves a GUN.

He releases the clip, checks it, then snaps the clip back in. He
reaches back in and extracts a rolled PAPER BAG. Opens it. His
expression darkens.

PETE
Shit.

CLOSE -- A few loose hundred dollar bills are scattered on the
bottom of the bag. Maybe five hundred dollars.

Pete scrapes them together quickly, crumples the bag and tosses
it onto the floor. SMASH TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Lorraine stands on the corner holding Ben, hiding behind a
hedge. Pete's in front of them, cautiously eyeing the street for
activity. He motions them onward. They move quickly --

As they near their car, Lorraine stops to face Pete, scared.

LORRAINE
Peter, please? Where are we going?--

PETE
Just get in. I'll explain on the way.

The three of them climb in, Pete at the wheel.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The car speeds down the street, disappearing from frame.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. LEXINGTON MARSHAL'S OFFICE - BULLPEN - DAY (2)

Business as usual. Officers mull over files, answer phones, etc. RAYLAN sits at a desk filling out paperwork, looking miserable. ART, RACHEL and TIM stand at a computer behind him watching a video. A lot of laughing. Raylan's agitated.

RAYLAN

Hey. Any chance you can keep it down?

Art turns to face Raylan. Sees he's in a mood. He smiles, enjoying the hard time he's about to give him --

ART

Misery loves company, but don't drag us down to this dark place you're in, Raylan. It ain't becoming. What is it about paperwork that gets you so riled, anyway?

RAYLAN

Doing it.

ART

(playfully)

Well, if you'd filed those reports when you should have you wouldn't be in this predicament now would you?

RAYLAN

You enjoying yourself?

ART

I am, Deputy. Now relax. I just put a fresh pot on. Go get yourself a cup and cure those grumps. That's an order.

Art smiles, holds his cup up to Raylan and goes back to the computer. Raylan watches, annoyed. He gets up and moves off.

INT. LEXINGTON MARSHAL'S OFFICE - LOBBY - SAME

Pete walks in the front door. He's more collected than when we last saw him, albeit a bit of desperation in his demeanor. The RECEPTIONIST puts her magazine down as he arrives at the desk.

RECEPTIONIST

Can I help you?

PETE

Sure can. I'd like to speak with Raylan Givens.

RECEPTIONIST

Can I ask who's here?

PETE

Just tell him it's an old friend.

The Receptionist nods reluctantly, but moves off. Pete looks around, taking in all the activity as Raylan rounds the corner from another direction, missing the Receptionist entirely.

Raylan looks up and sees Pete. He STOPS. A moment between them as they lock eyes. Then, Raylan takes out his gun, points it at Pete, moving in fast --

RAYLAN

Get down! On the floor! Put your hands on your head!

The office falls silent. Pete begins to lower himself to the ground. Before he can, Raylan's on top of him, pushing him violently onto his stomach, cuffing him. No nonsense.

PETE

Raylan? This any way to treat a guest?

And now we know for sure, these two people know each other. Raylan steps off and lifts Pete to his feet, turning him around so he can see him.

RAYLAN

Nice to see you, Ethan. You look good.

As we begin to question the history here, Art rounds the corner at a clipped step, brow furrowed --

ART

What in hell is going on out here?
(sees Pete/Ethan)
Who's this?

RAYLAN

(pointing off screen)
Number thirteen.

Art watches Raylan lead his capture off. Then he looks to what Raylan was pointing at.

PAN WITH his eye-line to a POSTER --

The U.S. Marshal's Fifteen Most Wanted. Pete's picture among the fourteen others. Underneath, NUMBER 13 -- a name: ETHAN BICKEL. Ethan is Pete. Hold on the poster and we --

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. LEXINGTON MARSHAL'S OFFICE - ART'S OFFICE - DAY

Art's at his desk flipping through Ethan's file as Raylan enters with a mug, sits across from him. Raylan takes a sip of his coffee, cringes.

RAYLAN

You made this?

ART

Easy.

Art leans back in his chair, scans the file.

ART (CONT'D)

Looks like today's our lucky day.

(beat)

Aggravated assault, murder, trafficking,
attempted murder, possession with intent.

(stops reading)

I could go on. Seems easier to say Ethan
honed quite a name for himself back in
Texas. But you know that already. Says
here you boys go quite a ways back?

Raylan nods, reliving the history.

RAYLAN

Chased him for a long while after he and
his crew knocked off some Federales and
dumped 'em in the Rio Grande. After that
he ingrained himself in all kinds of
terror. He handled most of the dirty work
for he El Paso drug circuit. Caught him
once. Even put him behind bars, but he's
slippery. Soon as I left, he tricked the
on-duty and walked out the front door.
Was gone a full half hour before anyone
realized.

(then)

After that he was a ghost.

ART

Then this is quite the catch. What you
think it's about?

RAYLAN

Wish I could say I had a clue.

ART

Think he's simply had enough? Tired of
running?

RAYLAN

Strikes me as inconceivable that he just walks in here waving a white flag. Men like Ethan don't turn a new leaf. You know that. He's after something.

Art puts the file down, pushes it across to Raylan.

ART

Then I suppose you better go find out what that is, Deputy.

Art leans back in his chair, runs a hand over his head as Raylan takes the file and exits.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAY

A run down strip of mobile homes set side by side. A car trolls the lane, comes to a stop next to a single-wide boasting various lawn ornaments and a weathered American flag. The car door opens and ARLO steps out, moves to the door of the trailer and knocks. It's a moment before it opens. BUDDY (20's), jacked and brooding, stands there.

ARLO

Hey, Buddy.

BUDDY

C'mon in, Arlo.

INT. TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Arlo steps in, finds two other young men sitting around the kitchen table. BUCK and COOPER.

BUCK

Hey, old timer.

ARLO

Boys.

Arlo seats himself at the table. Buddy settles into a chair.

BUDDY

What you got for us today?

ARLO

This stuff's a little different than before.

Arlo removes a large plastic bag from his coat pocket. In it are several rolled joints and individual bags of marijuana.

ARLO (CONT'D)

Other supply dried up. Got my hands on this new strain. It does the trick, same as the other.

This doesn't sit well with these guys.

BUDDY

No offense, Arlo. But we can't just take your word for it--

ARLO

(no shit)

That's why I brought you a taste...

The men exchange looks.

BUDDY

Yeah, alright.

Arlo puts a joint in his lips, lights up. He takes a hit and passes it to Buddy.

ARLO

A lot like the stuff they used to grow down in Darlac. We'd smoke that night and day. Shit'd put you out colder'n a fifth of fire water.

(Buddy passes to Cooper)

But you boys wouldn't know too much about that.

Cooper hits, passes it to Buck.

COOPER

How's the euphoria like?

ARLO

(with a smile)

Makes all the voices in my head go away.

The men laugh.

BUCK

Yeah, I think I like it better.

BUDDY

How much you want for it, Arlo?

ARLO

Oh, same as always.

The men pull money from their wallets and lay it in a pile on the table as the joint makes its way back to Arlo who takes it, hits it deep. Then he begins to dole out the baggies.

INT. LEXINGTON MARSHAL'S OFFICE - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Ethan sits alone in the room as Raylan enters hot, closes the door. A moment of silence between them. Raylan puts the file down on the table and takes a seat. He looks at Ethan intensely.

RAYLAN

Keep thinking I missed something important here, Ethan. Just can't figure out why it is you find yourself sitting across from me of your own volition. Care to fill me in?

Ethan looks at him, steadfast. Thinks it best to just come out with it.

ETHAN

I need your help with something, Raylan.
(beat)
You believe me if I told you I ain't the way you remember?

Raylan cracks a small smile.

RAYLAN

I wouldn't. Did you really think you were gonna stroll into my place of business and take me for a ride?
(looks at Ethan's cuffs)
After all this time, I have you. Ain't nothing you can say that'll convince me not to bury the key.

A bit of desperation settles in Ethan's eyes.

ETHAN

I know you've got every reason in the world not to trust me, but... you still look in on my file from time to time?

Raylan betrays nothing. Ethan knows he's struck oil.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

My guess is you do. You ever think it was peculiar that I been gone nearly six years? No trace of me anywhere?

RAYLAN

I got to hoping maybe you were dead--

ETHAN

--But here I am. And the truth of it all
is I need your help.

Raylan smiles as he gets to his feet, nonplussed.

RAYLAN

Well, that's not in the cards for you
today. Now unless you got something real
profound to confess, I wouldn't get too
comfy here. We'll be extraditing you back
to Texas shortly.

Raylan moves for the door. As he does, Ethan stands -- the sound
of the chain around his shackled hands SNAPPING taugt rouses
Raylan. He faces Ethan, who makes a final, desperate plea.

ETHAN

Raylan, wait.
(beat)
You ever been in love?

RAYLAN

What's that got to do with anything--

ETHAN

Lorraine. That's her name. And my Lord,
is she beautiful, Raylan. Truck breaks
down driving back from San Antonio
through the plains in the middle of the
night. Must've walked five miles before
she stopped. Offered me a lift to the
next town. ... On the way, I fall in love
with her.

RAYLAN

You don't say--

ETHAN

Her and I get to talkin' and by the end
of it I had to wonder if maybe she wasn't
feeling something similar for me. Sure
enough, we get to where we're going and
she kisses me. Says she'd like to see me
again--

RAYLAN

This Lorraine. She have some sort of
brain damage?

Ethan ignores that completely, grows more serious. Upset even.

ETHAN

Occurs to me as she drives off every word I spoke to her was a complete and utter fabrication. Even told her my name was Peter. Took Lorraine for me to realize what sort of person I'd become. What sort of life I was living. After I met her, I wanted things to be different. Wanted to be with her. Wanted that life.

Raylan locks eyes with Ethan.

RAYLAN

That's cute, Ethan. But you know I'd have a better time believing Santa Claus was real if I heard it straight from the Easter Bunny's mouth.

ETHAN

Raylan, you know the boys in El Paso don't exactly smile upon someone just up and departing. Things get real messy. Couldn't drag Lorraine into that. So, I told her a lie and we disappeared to Illinois. ... Stole a hundred thousand dollars before we did just to get settled. Told myself that'd be the last of my ways. That was six years ago.

Raylan looks back like he's heard it a million times --

RAYLAN

... Let me guess. Now they found you.

Ethan nods, his expression dark.

ETHAN

Caught a couple guys tailing me at work. My guess is, they want their money. I don't got it.

(beat, getting to it)

All I'm asking is that you enter Lorraine and my boy, Ben into witness protection. Forget me. I just can't have them swept up in my mess.

This lands on Raylan, now understanding that there may be some truth to what Ethan's saying --

RAYLAN

You know it's not that easy--

ETHAN

I've got the whereabouts of a few of my old associates. I can get you names. Locations. You've got me. I'll sign a full confession.

Raylan turns this over, unsure.

RAYLAN

I've got you already.

(beat)

Out of curiosity, Ethan. Of all people, why is it you come to me?

ETHAN

You were the only one who ever caught me. And I respect the way you operate. You got this bizarre set of scruples. Ain't afraid to take justice by the balls. Weigh the law. I admire that. You do it all yourself. Judge, jury and executioner.

RAYLAN

Well, Ethan I'm flattered, but I think I'll play it safe.

Ethan levels his gaze on Raylan, gives him the last he has to offer.

ETHAN

You do this for me and I'll tell you who killed off Bill Avery. That make this an even trade?

A darkness descends on Raylan. For some reason this name sits uncomfortably in his stomach. He leans in toward Ethan, stirred.

RAYLAN

You don't know who killed Avery--

ETHAN

(sharp)

I used to run around with those boys. Of course I do.

Raylan can see he's serious. He gets right in Ethan's face, boiling --

RAYLAN

You tell me. Now. Then I get your family.

ETHAN

That's not how this works, Raylan.

(then)

I promise this'll be easy. My family's nearby at a motel. Get 'em safe and you have my word. What'ya say?

Hold on Raylan, riled, turning it over.

INT. LEXINGTON MARSHAL'S OFFICE - ART'S OFFICE - DAY

Raylan stands with Art and RACHEL.

RAYLAN

Says his family's at the Waverly. Room sixteen.

ART

What do you think?

RAYLAN

File goes cold six years ago. Consistent with what he said. And he seems desperate.

RACHEL

Desperate enough to roll on old friends?

RAYLAN

Can't understand why he'd lie to us now. Getting into jail and then breaking out seems like an awful lot of trouble to go through to prove a point to me.

ART

Guess it don't matter. We get his family back here, force him to sign a statement and uphold his end of the bargain. Or we set his family loose and see if he squirms.

RAYLAN

Even if he's lying we've got him. That's one off the wanted list.

RACHEL

Almost want the sonuvabitch to be lying. Come down on him with the full weight of the law.

RAYLAN

Sure. But first I want the name of Avery's killer.

Rachel clocks Art looking at Raylan. A look that suggests Art's privy to who Avery is and how much he means to Raylan.

ART

What makes you so convinced this isn't some ploy? You sure he really knows who's behind it?

RAYLAN

(no, but--)

Ethan had a hand in nearly every seedy thing in El Paso. If anyone knows who killed Avery, he does.

Art looks to Rachel, then to Raylan, weighing the decision.

ART

Alright. Go get 'em. Both of you. But, be careful, Raylan. You and him share quite a past. If he is lying, this may be his way of taking you out of the equation altogether.

Raylan straightens his hat and exits on Rachel's heels. Art watches them go, concerned.

EXT. CRESTWOOD TRAILER PARK - DAY

A squad car rolls slowly down the lane. CUT INTO:

INT. SQUAD CAR - MOVING - DAY

POV -- from the windshield of a car as it makes its way past the long row of mobile homes.

REVEAL: OFFICER RIGGS (40's) behind the wheel as he speaks into his radio.

OFFICER RIGGS

This is Riggs. Crestwood's clear from top to bottom. When Miss Johnson calls in tomorrow to report suspicious activity like she does every other day, refer her to the nearest eye doctor... or psychiatrist.

RADIO

Alright, officer. You got it.

OFFICER RIGGS

Over and out.

Officer Riggs sets the radio down and continues down the row for a beat.

ANGLE: down the lane. A trailer door opens and Arlo steps out, joint in his mouth.

Officer Riggs clocks this. He can't believe his eyes.

OFFICER RIGGS
(to himself)
Okay, seriously?

Officer Riggs reaches down to a switch and flips it quickly, letting a quick burst of siren out --

EXT. TRAILER PARK - CONTINUOUS

Arlo looks up at the noise, startled. He sees the squad car making its way toward him quickly and blanches.

ARLO
Bastard...

Arlo makes a decision. He throws the joint to the ground and breaks into a run --

The squad car stops and Officer Riggs races out, takes off after Arlo.

WITH ARLO -- some distance ahead, running, his age wearing on his speed and stamina. He rounds the corner of a trailer, pulling the bag of pot and money from his pocket. Up ahead he spots --

A few open mouthed TRASH CANS. He cranes his neck back, relieved Officer Riggs hasn't yet cleared the trailer, then tosses the bag into one, just as --

OFFICER RIGGS rounds the corner, sees the bag land in the trash can. He speeds up, gaining ground --

Arlo approaches a short, metal parameter fence. Reaching it, he grabs the top and tries to hoist himself over -- a pathetic attempt -- but he manages to lurch over, dropping clumsily to the ground below, falling hard onto his stomach. He tries to get up, but it's too late --

Officer Riggs jumps the fence no problem, landing full force on top of a furious Arlo --

ARLO
Get off me--

Officer Riggs starts to cuff him as Arlo protests, thrashing around underneath --

<p>OFFICER RIGGS --You're under arrest-- --Use and possession of an illegal substance--</p>	<p>ARLO --Oh, yeah? What for?-- --Bullshit! I'm clean--</p>	<p>* * * *</p>
--	---	----------------------------

OFFICER RIGGS
--Well, then I bet you won't mind if we
check the trash bins back there, right?

Arlo stops his thrashing. The worried look on his face translates everything: He's fucked. But he softens with a thought and a smile, offering a final plea --

ARLO
Can I interest you in a little? Free, of course...

Officer Riggs just looks back, stone-faced.

INT. RAYLAN'S TOWN CAR - MOVING - DAY

Raylan drives. Rachel sits shotgun watching Raylan stare straight ahead. She can sense what's troubling him.

RACHEL
So, I don't mean to pry... but who's Bill Avery?

Raylan turns to Rachel, divides his attention between her and the road.

RAYLAN
Witness I was assigned to protect back in El Paso. He was testifying against some high-level thugs for killing a couple of teenagers--

RACHEL
That's terrible...

RAYLAN
I knew there was a price on his head, so I took him to a safe house a few towns over to sweat it out before he testified. Keep him out of harm's way for a few days. Got to know him pretty well. He was a good man. Honest, hard working. Loved his family. He was just trying to do the right thing.

(beat)

Anyway. On the morning of the trial we're driving over to the court house and our car's attacked. Two men in a truck with automatic weapons. Got two shots off.

(MORE)

RAYLAN (cont'd)

Know I hit one of 'em, but... I'm lucky I made it out myself.

RACHEL

(understanding)

You never got the guys...

RAYLAN

They drove off as Avery bled to death in the passenger's seat. Spent the better part of two years looking for those responsible. Even after they officially closed the case, I did my own investigating. Every road led nowhere.

Rachel sees how much this is weighing on him.

RACHEL

We'll, for what it's worth, we've all got one of those. In one shape or another at least.

RAYLAN

What's that?

RACHEL

The one that got away.

Raylan nods, stares back out on to the road as they drive on.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Lorraine paces around the bed where Ben sits watching her, scared. He fidgets nervously with a couple of toys.

BEN

... Where's dad?

She sits, puts a comforting hand on his leg, looks at him. The uncertainty of everything roiling inside of her. She puts Ben's head in her arms, says to him as much for herself --

LORRAINE

Everything's gonna be okay, baby.

A long beat as the two sit there in silence. Then --

A KNOCK on the door. Lorraine and Ben startle, look to the door.

BEN

(whisper)

Mom?

LORRAINE

Who is it?

No answer. Another series of KNOCKS, this time more fierce. The doorknob begins to wiggle. Someone's trying to open it, but it's locked. Ben whimpers, beginning to cry as Lorraine rises --

LORRAINE

(whisper)

It's okay. Get under the bed, sweetheart--

Ben fights back his fear as he climbs onto the floor, just as --

The door is kicked open violently and we CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

The seedy two level motel. Raylan and Rachel pull up, park in a spot and get out. Raylan scans the doors, points to one.

RAYLAN

Sixteen.

They move to it.

AT THE DOOR -- Raylan knocks. Nothing. He and Rachel share a look as Raylan tests the knob. It's unlocked and loose on its hinges.

He motions with a hand. They're going in. They remove their guns. Raylan arms up against the door, gives the signal, then twists the knob as he and Rachel burst into --

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Weapons out. It's empty. Quiet. Lorraine and Ben's belongings scattered on the floor. The bed is disheveled. A bit of blood on the carpet. Signs of a struggle.

They descend into the room. Rachel goes into the bathroom, scanning --

RACHEL

Clear.

Raylan holsters his gun as Rachel joins him. Puts her weapon away. They're too late. Raylan says it all --

RAYLAN

Shit.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. LEXINGTON MARSHAL'S OFFICE - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Raylan enters quickly. Ethan looks up, relieved.

ETHAN

You find 'em?

Raylan takes a moment to find his words.

RAYLAN

We were too late. They were taken.

Ethan goes white as that sinks in.

ETHAN

What?

(turns to anger)

They're good as dead now.

RAYLAN

They won't kill your family. Not yet anyway.

ETHAN

Thank you, Raylan. That is very comforting.

RAYLAN

These guys been to hell and beyond tracking you down. They don't want your family, they want their money.

ETHAN

(slams his fist down)

I don't have their goddamn money! Didn't you hear me? If you'd listened to me sooner we wouldn't be in this predicament.

Raylan takes a beat, settles his gaze on Ethan --

RAYLAN

Right. I suppose your past has got nothing to do with this.

ETHAN

Forget the past. What do you expect we do now?!

RAYLAN

I expect they'll be calling you shortly asking for that cash. We'll pull a trace on the call.

ETHAN

If we can't?

Raylan looks at him for a moment, unsure.

RAYLAN

I don't know.

That hangs there for a beat. With nothing else to offer, Raylan exits leaving Ethan alone with his thoughts.

INT. WHITE VAN - CARGO AREA - MOVING - DAY

Jerry drives. Fred sits in the cargo area with an unconscious Lorraine and Ben, both bound around their wrists and ankles with rope.

FRED

We should call.

JERRY

I don't see the point in all this, Fred. You and I both know Ethan don't have that money. We should do away with these two. Bring their hands back to El Paso and get on with our lives--

FRED

See, Jerry. Difference between you and I is that for you, this is just another assignment. For me, it's personal. I worked with Ethan for a long time. Not going to let him off the hook so easily.

(beat)

We're gonna call Ethan and get that money.

Jerry has no response, but just then --

Ben stirs awake and begins to CRY. This rouses Lorraine, who lurches forward, realizing she's tied up. Fred looks to her, irritated.

FRED

Would you shut that kid up?

Lorraine meets Ben's eye, blinking back tears. She reaches down and takes Ben's hand in hers.

LORRAINE

It's okay, baby. It's going to be okay...

After a moment, Ben quiets. Lorraine settles her gaze back onto Fred --

LORRAINE

Why are you doing this to us?

FRED

Stop talking.

Lorraine takes a moment, then begins to struggle violently against the restraints, becoming desperate, yelling --

LORRAINE

Why are you doing this?!

Fred leans forward and cold cocks her with the butt of his gun. She stifles as blood runs from her nose and lip.

FRED

I told you to keep it down.

Lorraine recovers, looks him in the eye. Person to person. The tears now running freely.

LORRAINE

If this is about Peter's gambling debt... what he owes you... I can get you the money. I have a retirement plan-- I've got forty thousand dollars. I can cash it out, I have a savings account--

FRED

That what he told you? That he lost a few grand gambling?

Lorraine's look suggests just that. Seeing she's completely in the dark, Fred gets right up in her face --

FRED (CONT'D)

What he did was steal a lot of money.

LORRAINE

Peter wouldn't do that.

Fred smiles, almost impressed at how well Ethan's conned this woman --

FRED

Peter? The man you've been living with, he used to be into a lot of stuff. Bad stuff. Ruined a lot of families.

(MORE)

FRED (cont'd)

Even killed some people. I'm sure he didn't tell you that. 'Specially since it seems he couldn't tell you who he really is.

(beat)

His real name is Ethan. Not Peter.

Every fiber of Lorraine's being fights to deny this, but Fred's look and her predicament say otherwise. She studies Fred for an intense beat, then, pleading --

LORRAINE

Just... don't hurt Ben... please don't hurt my boy...

Fred's stoic, looks back unsympathetic --

FRED

If Ethan loves you, you and the boy'll be just fine. But if he's the Ethan I know, I may as well kill you right here, right now.

(beat)

For your sake, we're going to give it awhile.

With that Lorraine leans back -- the realization that her world has fallen in around her hitting hard. Fred takes a PHONE from his pocket, consults a piece of paper and begins to dial --

INT. LEX. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - INTERROGATION ROOM - CROSSCUT - DAY

CLOSE ON Ethan's cell phone on the table -- it begins to vibrate. A cuffed hand swings into frame and picks it up.

ETHAN (O.S.)

Hello?

WIDEN -- A nervous Ethan sits in the chair, phone to his ear. Around him, Raylan, Art and a few others. A TECH operates some GEAR to trace the call.

FRED

Ethan. Nice to finally hear your voice. Lorraine here has said so many wonderful things about you.

Ethan's blanches, furious --

ETHAN

If anything happens to them, just know that I'll hunt you both down and kill you.

FRED

Relax. All we want is what we're owed.
(beat)
You. And one hundred fifty thousand--

ETHAN

I only took a hundred--

FRED

And I have turned the world over looking for you. Not to mention the interest built up on that kind of money over six years. I'd say you're getting a great deal.

Ethan's lost for words, offers the truth.

ETHAN

The money's gone...

FRED

Well then you've got a lot of work to do before tonight if you want to see your family again.

The Tech motions. Twenty seconds for the call to be traced.

FRED (CONT'D)

Deliver yourself and the money in full and your family goes free. Tonight. Eight o'clock at the rest stop off exit six. Highway twenty-nine.

(beat)

You know how this works. I shouldn't have to say it. Come alone or they're dead.

Dial tone. A beat as Ethan digests this, hangs up. The Tech stops his gear, disappointed.

RAYLAN

You get him?

TECH

I'm sorry...

That hangs there for a beat. Ethan looks to Raylan, desperate.

ETHAN

You have to get me the money.

Raylan looks back at him, not exactly sure how to respond. Then he looks to a pensive Art, who motions Raylan outside.

INT. LEXINGTON MARSHAL'S OFFICE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Art and Raylan stand against the wall. Behind them through an interior window we can see Ethan.

RAYLAN

What'ya think? Can you get the government to pony up the cash?

ART

It'll be hard to convince them to let a hundred and fifty large just walk out the front door with nothing to show. But we certainly can't just lay down and watch the clock run out.

RAYLAN

No. Seems to me if we set up a mobile unit a few miles from the drop point, we get his family safe first, then go in and grab these assholes--

ART

--Runs the chance that they get away with all that money. That'll put us in quite a situation--

RAYLAN

--Not if we put one of those tracers in it. Monitor their location.

Art nods. Alright.

ART

You sure you wanna take him outta here?

RAYLAN

Don't see that we have much choice. I can't walk in there in his place.

INT. LEXINGTON MARSHAL'S OFFICE - INTERROGATION ROOM - SAME

Ethan watches Raylan and Art through the window. Concern etched all over his face. He knows full well they're scheming something. Art walks off and Raylan re-enters.

RAYLAN

Looks like today's your day. We're going to put up the money to get your family back. Head out to the drop point together.

If Ethan was any sort of relieved it was fleeting.

ETHAN

Did you not hear them? They see me strolling in with a U.S. Marshal on my arm and it'll be over before it begins.

RAYLAN

You really think we're gonna let you go off by yourself with a bag full of government money?

Raylan exits. Hold on Ethan, very concerned.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - BOOKING - DAY

Officer Riggs leads Arlo through booking, toward a desk across from the guard station where a few other cops mingle.

ARLO

Aren't you listening? If you'd open your ears this all might make a little more sense.

(off Riggs' silence)

It wasn't what you think.

OFFICER RIGGS

Everyone says that when I drag 'em in here. Now sit down--

Officer Riggs nudges Arlo toward a chair. Arlo sits.

ARLO

You're not hearing me, boy--

OFFICER RIGGS

(annoyed)

Unless you want a bribery charge on top of what you've already got, Mr. Givens, you best shut your mouth.

Arlo's offense registers, he speaks loudly --

ARLO

Don't speak to me that way, you ungrateful sonuvabitch. If it weren't for me and what my generation did overseas, your sorry ass probably wouldn't be here. You oughtta learn to respect your elders--

A few of the other officers look over, irritated by the scene this man is making. Riggs clocks this, trying to disarm the situation --

OFFICER RIGGS

Sir. I need you to keep it down.

ARLO

No, I won't keep it down. You know what war is like, son?

OFFICER RIGGS

Mr. Givens--

ARLO

Here you are out patrolling the streets for small timers like me, when you should be out there catching some real crooks...

Arlo continues his rant as we hold on Officer Riggs, at the end of his rope with this guy. Something tells him the talking isn't going to stop. He has a thought, moves for the guard station with purpose as we CUT TO:

INT. LEXINGTON MARSHAL'S OFFICE - BULLPEN - SAME

CLOSE ON -- a small, flat LOCATION TRACKER the size of a quarter. Reveal Raylan holding it, Art and Rachel around him. On the table in front of him sits a BRIEFCASE and several stacks of bundled CASH.

He takes a stack, parts it and buries the tracker in the middle. Needle in a haystack. He places the bundle neatly against the bottom of the BRIEFCASE then piles a couple more on top of it. It's full. Raylan closes and clasps it.

RAYLAN

That oughtta do it. We should get Ethan and head on out.

Tim approaches at a clipped step, pregnant with news.

TIM

Raylan. Call for you on line one. They say it's about your dad...

Raylan rolls his eyes.

RAYLAN

(to himself)

This should be good.

He picks up the phone next to him, hits the line --

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

Hello.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - OFFICE - CROSSCUT - SAME

Officer Riggs is on the phone at the guard station. He's looking over at Arlo, now lecturing some other officers.

OFFICER RIGGS

Hi there, Raylan. This is Officer Riggs down at Lexington P.D. I've got your dad down here. Booking him right now. Thought maybe you'd wanna come down here and get him out--

Raylan laughs.

RAYLAN

Call Helen.

OFFICER RIGGS

I've called her... but she's out of town. And I called a few of his buddies--

RAYLAN

What exactly did he do this time?

OFFICER RIGGS

We caught him with some pot... looks like he was trying to sell it to some folks over at Crestwood trailer park.

(beat)

Look, to be honest, what I'm doing here is I'm asking you for a favor. Fact of the matter is he won't stop talking. We put him in a cell and he started a fight, so we had to separate him. He's driving us up a wall over here.

RAYLAN

(cutting him off)

--Yeah, he does that. But ya know what? I got my hands full at the moment, not to mention I've come down there more than I can count to get his ass out of the sling. Seems to me he never learns his lesson, never changes--

OFFICER RIGGS

--Look, I'm begging you here--

RAYLAN

(firm)

Let him sit in there a while. It'll be good for him.

The line goes dead. Hold on Officer Riggs, stuck with Arlo as he slams the receiver down.

INT. LEXINGTON MARSHAL'S OFFICE - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Ethan sits nervously as a UNIFORM enters and moves to him.

UNIFORM

Time to go.

Ethan rises and follows the Uniform out of the room. But as Ethan rounds the table, he bends his knees ever so slightly and grabs a PEN lying on the table. The Uniform's none the wiser.

CLOSE -- Ethan slips the pen up his sleeve as he follows the Uniform out the door.

EXT. ABANDONED CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

A U.S. Marshal's van and a couple government SUVs are parked.

INT. MOBILE UNIT VAN - CONTINUOUS

Art, Rachel, Tim and a UNIFORMED COP, sit behind a bank of gear and a MONITOR. On the monitor we see a MAP. On it a moving BLUE DOT.

TIM

We're transmitting their signal. They're traveling West on twenty-nine.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

An isolated stretch of two-lane highway in the middle of nowhere. Highway 29. Raylan's Town Car whips by and we CUT INTO:

INT. RAYLAN'S TOWN CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Raylan drives, Ethan's in back, cuffed. He can see Raylan glancing back at him in the rearview mirror. Nobody talks for a long while. Ethan breaks the silence.

ETHAN

Saw you talkin' to your boss back at the station. I sense the two of you got a plan I ain't privy to.

(off Raylan's silence)

You know this is gonna get messy if you walk in there with me. What'ya suppose we do about me showing up there alone? What's your plan?

RAYLAN

I'll hang back before we get to the drop point. Keep an eye on you from a distance.

This does little to ease Ethan's nerves --

ETHAN

Raylan, I appreciate what you're doing here. Bringing me out with you. Know it takes a certain amount of confidence to believe I might not be up to something for once. That I've changed. But you don't seem to understand who you're dealing with here. If this thing don't go down according to the terms and conditions they laid out, Lorraine and Ben...

He trails off, unable to find the words to finish.

RAYLAN

Let's get one thing straight. No man like you changes. Not completely anyway. Might be able to curb your instincts for a little bit, maybe even conjure the decency to get on the road to righteousness for a time. But never completely.

(beat)

Wickedness. Evil. They're a force of nature that can't be reckoned with. Not by free will anyway. Speaks to a lot of people. Take my father. Man made a living being a crook. Tells our family he'll go straight over and over, but he's down at the jail house having done something stupid as we speak.

(finally)

You're no different. If you'd changed. Really changed, you'd have found another way to get that money for your family.

That stings Ethan. They're both silent for a while.

ETHAN

I'm just sayin', first sign the cops are in on this, we're in a world of trouble. Not to mention they see that Stetson coming-- they're gonna know it's you, Raylan. They'll remember you from way back when--

RAYLAN

They see me coming they're going to understand there ain't no chance they're shooting their way out of this.

Ethan shakes his head, can see he's not getting anywhere.

ETHAN

You really don't get it...

CLOSE -- Ethan slips the pen out of his sleeve and presses it into the keyhole of the cuffs and begins working it around.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Well, are these cuffs really necessary?

Raylan smiles in the rearview. A beat.

CLOSE -- One cuff snaps loose and Ethan pulls an arm free.

Raylan catches Ethan eyeing the briefcase in the front seat. He turns his attention to it for a moment --

CRACK! -- Ethan lunges forward and hits Raylan in the side of the head with both hands --

The car swerves as Raylan struggles to regain control -- but Ethan's already on top of Raylan, swinging the handcuff chain around Raylan's neck. Raylan tries to fend him off with one hand, but it's too late, Ethan leans back, choking Raylan. Raylan gasps, musters enough breath for --

RAYLAN

Etha-- you-- onna-- kill us--

ETHAN

--pull over, Marshal! Stop this car and let me out!--

Raylan puts his foot on the brake, but Ethan doesn't let up. Raylan makes one last desperate attempt to free himself from Ethan's grip. He throws an elbow into Ethan's face --

Ethan slips, losing his footing, falling onto Raylan. The car veers out of control, heading for the woods --

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Town Car swerves off the road, down over an embankment. It rolls twice, collapsing into itself. The sound of twisting metal, shattering glass cuts through the quiet night. It flips once more, coming to a violent and abrupt stop on its wheels --

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

PAN OVER the Town Car, now a heap of twisted metal. No noise, no movement.

INSIDE -- Ethan stirs awake. Looks up front, sees hatless Raylan crumpled in a heap in his seat, all bloody and fucked up. Raylan's chest heaves up and down, forcing ragged breaths. He's alive, but unconscious. Ethan shakes off the pain --

A NOISE -- the sound of FIRE. Ethan looks up through the windshield, sees it's coming from the engine, which is now beginning to smoke. Shit.

Ethan struggles to open his door, frees it and crawls out of the wreckage. The fire in the engine now starting to catch, making its way toward the front seat. Ethan moves to the front passenger's door, looks in through the window to where the briefcase is. It lies open, bundled cash spilled everywhere. And on the other side, Raylan still lies unconscious. The fire makes its way toward him and the money. No time for both.

ON ETHAN -- a choice to make.

ETHAN
Goddamn it, Marshal.

Ethan moves around and opens the driver's side door, undoes Raylan's seat belt and wraps his hands under Raylan's arms. He heaves, tugs him out onto the grass. The weight of it makes him fall to the ground --

ETHAN (CONT'D)
Shit, c'mon!

Ethan struggles to his feet, begins to drag Raylan to safety. A few feet away he lays Raylan out on his back and pulls his GUN from his holster, tucking it in his waistband.

Ethan moves back to the car, the hood and dashboard now completely engulfed in flames. Inside he sees several bundles of cash sequestered on top of the dash now ON FIRE.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
For Christ's sake. No!--

Desperately, Ethan gathers every last dollar he can, stuffs it back into the briefcase and begins to move off. He only gets a few feet when he hears --

CLICK! -- Ethan spins, sees Raylan sitting on the grass -- he has him dead to rights with his backup weapon.

RAYLAN

Explain to me why I shouldn't shoot you
dead right here...

An intense moment between them, the fire burning bright in both
of their eyes as we CUT TO:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - BOOKING - NIGHT

WINONA enters, begins to make her way for reception when she
looks over to a desk and sees Arlo sitting across from Riggs in
silence and cuffs.

WINONA

(to herself)

Arlo...?

Arlo looks up and sees her as she approaches. A hint of shame
crossing his face.

ARLO

Winona. What are you doing here?

WINONA

Looking over a file for a case I'm
working.

(looks at his cuffs)

What about you?

ARLO

I got myself into a misunderstanding.

WINONA

Oh? What about?

ARLO

I was selling pot.

Winona isn't sure what to say. Arlo knows she thinks he deserves
this.

ARLO

It ain't what you think. Nobody'll listen
to me anyway.

(off her look)

The only reason I started selling this
shit in the first place is because I know
what it's like for those kids. I heard
'em talking about all the terror they
seen over in Kabul down at the VFW one
day and it brought me back. Seeing half
your platoon swallowed up by enemy fire
affects you. Makes you see things, hear
things that ain't there.

(MORE)

ARLO (cont'd)

And you can forget about sleeping most nights. You know what that's like? Anyway, the pot gives me relief. Thought it could do them some good too.

Winona nods, realizing that Arlo might have had the best of intentions here.

WINONA

You call Raylan and tell him that?

ARLO

Hell no I didn't.
(nods to Riggs across
the desk)
This clown did. Raylan said I could rot
in here.

WINONA

(rolls her eyes)
Sounds like Raylan.

Arlo looks at her.

ARLO

Helen's not around. I'd call one of my buddies over at the VFW, but I know sure as hell they don't have the cash to spring me.
(joking)
Maybe you wanna front the money.

Riggs, who's been listening this whole time cuts in --

OFFICER RIGGS

Yes, ma'am. Please front the money.

She smiles at Riggs, thinking. Then turns her eyes back to Arlo.

WINONA

I'll see what I can do.

Winona turns and walks off.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Raylan cuffs a now unarmed Ethan, the car burning brighter than ever behind them. Raylan looks toward the inferno.

RAYLAN

Look what you did. You really think you were gonna get away?

ETHAN

Had to try.

Raylan feels the top of his head, realizes --

RAYLAN

My hat.

He races to the car -- spots his hat on the driver's side next to a few bundles of cash away from the inferno. He grabs the hat, slips it back on.

As he lifts the bundles of cash the GPS tracker falls into his hand.

Raylan gains distance on the burning car looking at the tracker, a thought forming. Ethan pulls him from it --

ETHAN

What'ya suggest we do now?

He approaches Ethan quickly, snatches the briefcase from him, opens it. Slips the bundles in.

RAYLAN

We're going back. Figure out another way--

ETHAN

--No-- We can't--

Raylan grabs Ethan's shirt and gets up in his face.

RAYLAN

We can't? Way I see it, you botched this to hell. We can't walk in there half-cocked. We need a new strategy.

ETHAN

(defiant)

We don't got time for that. If we ain't punctual, it's all over. They will kill them and be on their way.

Raylan lets go of him. Takes a few steps back.

RAYLAN

It's all over anyway. We ain't got even half the cash. What makes you so convinced they won't kill all of us if we walk in there shorthanded?

ETHAN

Can't say they won't. But I know if we start over now, we won't make it on time.

(MORE)

ETHAN (cont'd)

And the chances your boss is gonna like that a lot of his money went up in smoke are slim. The chance he's gonna give me more, even slimmer. Way I see it, getting there now with what money we do have is the only move we got.

Raylan takes a moment to think this over. As the two look at one another the burning car EXPLODES. Raylan and Ethan reflexively shudder, shielding their eyes. A beat, then seeing no other way out of this --

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Raylan. Back in El Paso, a man named Fred Bellamy killed Bill Avery. You know Fred.

Raylan nods; he does. Ethan offers up his share of the bargain, coming clean --

ETHAN

I know him because I worked under him.
You shot him the morning Avery died.
(then, the truth)
They had me sitting on your hotel. It was me who tipped them off when you left--

Raylan's blood boils, he moves at Ethan quickly with purpose --

RAYLAN

You sonuvabitch--

ETHAN

--Fred's one of the guys who's got my family--

*
*

That stops Raylan. He stands there, understanding he's moments away from confronting this man. Ethan sees the determination in Raylan's eyes.

RAYLAN

Alright. We'll go...

ETHAN

Thank you, Marshal...

Hold on Raylan, a thought forming. All he says is --

RAYLAN

... But you let me do the talking.

INT. MOBILE UNIT VAN - SAME

Art, Rachel, Tim and the Uniformed Cop sit looking at the monitor. CLOSE -- the blue dot on the map is moving very slowly.

TIM

Looks like they're moving now.

(to Art)

Maybe you should ring him again.

Art gets on his phone, dials --

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT - CROSSCUT - SAME

Raylan and Ethan walk the dark highway. In the distance a set of HEADLIGHTS cut through the black. Raylan's phone begins to ring. The screen tells him it's Art. He answers.

RAYLAN

Hey.

ART

What the hell's going on? You stopped moving. I've been calling your phone for the last ten minutes--

RAYLAN

Everything's fine. Had a little car trouble, but we've straightened it out.

Raylan sees the headlights nearing.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

We're on our way now. I'll call you after we have the family safe.

ART

Alright.

Raylan hangs up, drags Ethan out into the middle of the road in front of the oncoming car --

IN THE CAR --

The DRIVER (50s) spots Raylan and Ethan standing in the middle of the road. Raylan's holding his badge out in front of him.

DRIVER

What in hell?

The Driver has no choice but to stop. He rolls down his window as Raylan comes over to him.

OUTSIDE -- Raylan shows the man his badge.

DRIVER

What the hell is this all about?

RAYLAN

Evening, sir. I'm Deputy U.S. Marshal Raylan Givens and on behalf of the United States government I'm going to have to ask you to step out of your vehicle. I need to commandeer it for the time being.

The Driver slams down on the gas, peeling off. Raylan and Ethan stumble aside as the car rips off past them, speeding away.

RAYLAN

Dammit.

ETHAN

(after a beat)

I would've done the same thing...

Hold on Raylan, annoyed.

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Raylan and Ethan stand in the middle of the road as another vehicle nears. A TRUCK.

Raylan takes out his weapon and points it at the truck, his badge outstretched in the other.

The truck slows to a stop before them. As Raylan approaches the driver, we CUT TO:

EXT. REST AREA PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The truck peels into the rest area and parks across the lot from the white van, Raylan at the wheel. The lot's empty otherwise.

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Ethan and Raylan sit there a beat. Raylan eyes the van in the rearview mirror.

ETHAN

So what's the plan here, Marshal?

RAYLAN

Just follow my lead.

CLOSE -- we can see Jerry and Fred moving in the reflection of the van's side mirrors.

RAYLAN

Ready?

Ethan nods reluctantly as they exit the truck --

EXT. REST AREA PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

At nearly the same time Jerry and Fred climb out of the van with their weapons drawn. They're not happy to see Ethan's guest. A moment before the recognition registers.

FRED

Raylan Givens. What an unpleasant surprise. Thought for sure I'd seen the last of you.

(to Ethan)

What the hell part of come alone did you not understand?

ETHAN

I'm sorry, he--

RAYLAN

(cutting him off)

I apprehended him in Lexington--

JERRY

Shut up!--

It falls quiet for a beat.

RAYLAN

Gentlemen, if I may. We understand you're looking for your money. We have that.

Ethan lifts the briefcase as a testament.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

You have no issue with the woman and child. Now, I'm willing to send you on your way with the cash so long as you turn them over unharmed--

FRED

We're going to need to see it--

RAYLAN

First I need to know the hostages are in good form.

Fred shoots Jerry a look. Jerry opens the back of the van where a terrified, but very much alive Lorraine and Ben sit bound. A wave of relief runs down Ethan's spine.

ETHAN

Oh, thank god!-- Lorraine. Ben.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

Good. Now send 'em over--

Jerry closes the door.

FRED

The money. Show us.

Raylan nods to Ethan. An understanding. Nervously, Ethan opens the case and flashes the money.

Fred's POV -- the case appears full.

FRED (CONT'D)

Put it on the ground and kick it to us.

RAYLAN

I'm gonna need them first.

FRED

You aren't getting anything till we have our money.

RAYLAN

In all the years we've known each other, boys, I ever not honored my word?

JERRY

There's no chance you came in here with the intention of letting a bunch of money go. Either that briefcase is half filled with paper, or you got a tracker in it.

RAYLAN

The money's clean.

JERRY

If it isn't, the family dies. Now send that case over so we can see for ourselves.

A tense beat. Raylan nods to Ethan who looks back, conflicted.

RAYLAN

Go on.

Ethan reluctantly sets the briefcase on the ground and kicks it.

Jerry grabs it, opens it. He starts to flip through the money, scouring it for a tracker. Checking each bundle individually.

Ethan can't look away, sweat forming on his forehead.

A forever beat. Then Jerry looks up, steely eyed --

JERRY

No tracker...

Ethan blanches in relief for a fleeting moment. But then Jerry closes the briefcase, stewing --

JERRY

This is short!

Jerry levels his gun on Raylan. Fred reaches back for the van door, but Raylan's hand is immediately at his side, ready to draw. Fred stops at the sight of this. A fucking stand-off.

RAYLAN

Now, don't you boys go and do anything stupid--

JERRY

Where's the rest of the money?!

RAYLAN

It burned up on our way over--

FRED

What happened on the way over don't concern us. No one's leaving here till we have all of it. Least not alive.

RAYLAN

That's all we got.

FRED

Then we're at an impasse.

A long, tense beat as these men stand-off. Raylan offers up his last resort --

RAYLAN

I don't want to see anything happen to that family there. Ethan's why you're here. What'ya say you give me the family and take Ethan and the money? And I'll get in that truck and drive off?

Ethan looks to Raylan gutstruck. What the fuck is he doing?

ETHAN

Marshal...?

Fred exchanges an agreeing eye with Jerry -- it's the best they're going to do.

FRED

Alright, cowboy.

Fred opens the van doors, unties the ropes from Ben and Lorraine's legs and arms. He pulls them from the back of the van. Lorraine takes Ben in her arms as Fred sends them walking.

ETHAN

(angry)

Was this your big idea?!

Raylan's silent. He just motions for Ethan to move to Fred and Jerry. Ethan swallows his fear and starts off toward them.

As Lorraine and Ben cross paths with Ethan, Lorraine and Ethan lock eyes. He stops, pleading as she continues forward --

ETHAN

I'm sorry... for everything. I didn't mean for any of this to happen...

As they pass, Lorraine draws up her leg up and knees Ethan in the groin. Ethan crumples in pain as a collective GROAN disperses from the all of the surrounding parties.

Lorraine and Ben keep moving as --

Ethan collects himself and continues toward Fred and Jerry.

Lorraine and Ben reach Raylan, thankful he's here --

RAYLAN

Go get in the truck.

As Ben and Lorraine disappear into the cab, Raylan backs up slowly, watching as --

Jerry grabs Ethan by the back of the head and pushes him violently into the back of the van, slamming the doors closed.

Raylan arrives at the truck and sinks into the cabin. The engine rolls over --

HOLD ON the truck as it peels out of the rest stop and starts off down the road, leaving Ethan to answer for his past.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUREXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The truck speeds down the road, the headlights cutting the dark.

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Silence. Raylan drives, his eyes glued to the road.

Lorraine's lost. Her mind searching as she turns to Raylan trying to reconcile everything she's learned about the man she loves. But she can't.

LORRAINE

How could I have been so stupid? For not seeing who he really was for all these years... for being so blinded...

(beat)

It's funny-- I never saw an ounce of evil in him. He was good to me, and he's been nothing but an amazing father to Ben. It's just... none of this adds up... I never thought I'd end up here. You must think I'm stupid...

RAYLAN

I don't think you're stupid...

LORRAINE

God on Earth. Is he really as awful as those men back there? Is he capable of that sort of thing?

Raylan sees her yearning to understand all of this. She's proof Ethan isn't exactly the way Raylan remembers.

RAYLAN

I can't speak to who he is now... I know from experience that he used to be.

(beat, sincerely)

But what I can say is -- the lengths he's gone to... everything he's done to get you safe today. It surprised me. Makes me know for certain that he cares very deeply for you.

(then, looking at Ben)

Both of you. I know that...

Lorraine finds solace in this for a moment, then something occurs to her --

LORRAINE

What's going to happen to him?

RAYLAN

We're gonna do our best to get him back.

LORRAINE

And after that? Will he go to jail?

RAYLAN

(apologetic yet firm)

I'm afraid so, ma'am.

This lands on Lorraine. She turns her attention out to the road as the night passes by, trying to cope with all this madness. HOLD ON this shattered woman.

EXT. ABANDONED CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Art, Tim and Rachel check their guns outside the mobile unit van as the truck pulls in and comes to a stop.

Raylan hops out and approaches the Uniformed Officer --

RAYLAN

See them to the hospital.

Raylan tips his hat as the two pass and the Uniformed Officer gets in the truck. Raylan reaches Art and Rachel. Art's brow furrowed --

ART

Raylan. Where the hell's Ethan? Where's your car?

RAYLAN

Things went a little sour...

Rachel sees Raylan's bloodied face.

RACHEL

You don't say.

Behind them, the truck pulls out of the lot and heads out.

TIM

What happened?

RAYLAN

We lost a bit of the money on the way over. Had to bargain Ethan to get his family back.

(off Art's look)

But I planted the tracker on Ethan before I swapped him. We should be able to find him.

Art's at once activated.

ART

Tim, I need you in the van in front of that monitor to tell us where they're headed. We'll call from the road.

TIM

Of course.

Tim hurries back to the van. Raylan, Art, and Rachel race to a nearby SUV and we CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The white van burns down the road quickly, approaching a four way intersection. It slows, then turns right, disappearing.

INT. GOVERNMENT SUV - CROSSCUT - NIGHT

Raylan and the others in hot pursuit, Raylan on the phone with --

INT. MOBILE UNIT - CROSSCUT - SAME

Tim, who's sitting in front of the monitor on the other end of the phone, tracking Ethan's location --

TIM

They've turned west on thirty-one. Just passing Old County Road, little south of the river.

INT. WHITE VAN - MOVING - NIGHT

Jerry blows past a railroad crossing. Beside it is an old sign plastered with graffiti. The word "Bridge" barely legible underneath. Fred sees it. Something registers.

FRED

Turn down here.

They pull onto a small road, follow the clearing down to where it dead ends. Through the window the top of an old rusted out BRIDGE is visible between the trees.

FRED

This is good.

INT. MOBILE UNIT - CROSSCUT - NIGHT

Tim at his monitor sees the dot now moving slowly.

TIM

Looks like they're on foot now. Heading out to the old train trestle.

INT. GOVERNMENT SUV - MOVING - CROSSCUT - NIGHT

The team still racing. Raylan, phone to his ear --

RAYLAN

One they shut down a few years back?

TIM

You know it?

RAYLAN

I do. We'll take it from here.

Raylan hangs up as Art speeds on.

EXT. TRAIN TRESTLE - NIGHT

Ethan approaches the trestle on foot, Jerry and Fred follow, shepherding him along with their weapons. Ethan stops at the bridge landing, looking down over the side to the slab of riverbed and the powerful current ripping over it.

Jerry pushes the muzzle of his gun into Ethan's back.

JERRY

Keep moving.

EXT. OLD ROAD - NIGHT

The SUV blows past the railroad crossing.

RAYLAN (O.S.)

Here.

As they pull off onto the small road, TIME CUT TO:

EXT. OLD ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

The three move over the path, the moonlight their only illumination. They stop as the trestle comes into view, speaking in hushed tones --

ART

(to Raylan)

You take the bridge.

(to Rachel)

Go left. I'll go right. We'll flank 'em on the riverbed if they're down there.

They move off urgently in different directions.

EXT. TRAIN TRESTLE - NIGHT

Ethan arrives in the center of the bridge with Jerry and Fred. The rush of the powerful river below makes it difficult to hear.

FRED

Stop. Down on your knees.

Ethan stops and looks out at the water, wincing, now desperate. Understanding these are his final moments --

ETHAN

Guys. Can't we work something out? I'll get you the rest of the money--

FRED

I said down on your knees.

Ethan holds their look, knows this is it. Reluctantly he lowers himself to his knees.

EXT. RIVER BED - SAME

Art runs haphazardly over the rocks onto the bed, looking up the shore for any sign of them. Nothing.

WITH RACHEL

Rachel moves stealthily, rounds one of the bridge pillars, searching. She spots Art at a distance. The two move to each other, meeting under the bridge.

ART

Anything?

Rachel shakes her head. Just then, over the roaring water --

RAYLAN (O.S.)

Hey! --

Art and Rachel look up, raise their weapons toward --

EXT. TRAIN TRESTLE - SAME

Raylan, a good distance away at the foot of the bridge landing, approaches Jerry and Fred, weapon extended. They see Raylan and level their guns.

JERRY

Stop! Stay where you are!

Raylan does.

FRED

Thought we had a deal, Raylan?

RAYLAN

I got to thinking-- I already let you get away once after you killed Bill Avery. Couldn't stomach having that happen again...

Fred's surprised he knows --

FRED

We've all got regrets. For instance, I should have killed you that day.

RAYLAN

Yes, Fred. You are moments away from regretting that.

A long, heated beat as these men stare each other down.

FRED

(re: river)

Toss your weapon over!

RAYLAN

Afraid I can't do that. But I'll go easy if the both of you put yours down.

FRED

There's no way out of this. You're outnumbered, Marshal.

RAYLAN

I know. And while there may be two of you, there are all sorts of things that could go wrong. Those guns ain't terribly accurate at this range. Who's to say I can't get two shots off before you find your target?

Jerry takes a step toward Raylan, his gun still leveled.

RAYLAN

Move once more and I will shoot you.

Jerry stops, eyes Fred anxiously. A long pause. Then --

Fred draws his gun up toward Raylan with purpose --

Raylan moves quick, shoots Fred once in the chest and he crumples into a heap on the bridge as --

Jerry hastily centers his gun on Raylan, but --

Raylan's too quick; he shoots Jerry once in the chest, throwing him back against the railing as he loses his center of gravity --

EXT. RIVER BED - SAME

Art and Rachel watch Jerry fall from the trestle into the river below. The sound of the gunshot is lost under the current.

EXT. TRAIN TRESTLE - SAME

Raylan moves to find Fred, who's still breathing and kicks his gun away. Looks down sees that he caught Fred just under the shoulder. He'll live.

RAYLAN

That's twice now from what I hear, right?

Raylan steps down on Fred's wound. Fred writhes in pain as Raylan cuffs his hands behind his back. Then Raylan begins to untie Ethan as Art and Rachel approach.

RACHEL

Everybody okay?

Art on the phone now hangs up.

ART

Let's get 'em back to the road. Backup's on their way.

Raylan lifts Ethan to his feet. He reaches into Ethan's breast pocket and removes the tracker. He starts to hand him off to Rachel, but as he does --

ETHAN

Wait, Marshal.

Raylan stops. Ethan looks at him, sincerely --

ETHAN (CONT'D)

I know it must've been difficult to look at a me as different after having the history you and I share. It ain't easy for a man to change. ... I appreciate you giving me that consideration... I appreciate you coming back for me...

RAYLAN

Ethan. I didn't come back for you.

Raylan pushes him to Rachel, who begins to lead him away. Then Raylan pulls Fred to his feet and starts off down the bridge.

INT. OLD ROAD - LATER

Police lights strobe the night air. A bundle of activity.

Raylan escorts Fred over to a cruiser, opens the back door and tucks him in.

EXT. OLD ROAD - A LITTLE LATER

Art has the briefcase opened on the hood of the Government SUV. He finishes counting a stack of money as Raylan approaches.

RAYLAN

What's the tally?

ART

We're at about half.

RAYLAN

I'm sorry about that. I really am.

Art meets Raylan's eye, then nods toward Ethan in a cruiser, then toward another where Fred's sitting.

ART

Two fugitives in custody and a crew on their way to pull a third from the river. I'd say it was money well spent.

RAYLAN

(not to mention)

Ethan said he'd talk like he promised. Might get a few more.

ART

I see your bullet caught Fred in the shoulder. I imagine that was no accident. How is it you managed not to kill him?

RAYLAN

I don't know. I guess I didn't suppose death would be proper reciprocity for all the evil he's caused. Rather see him rot away slowly.

ART

Well, Deputy. Good work.

Art closes the briefcase and starts to walk off leaving Raylan to revel in this victory. But Art stops and turns around --

ART

Oh, Raylan. Before it slips my mind. Don't forget to fill out your report.

Raylan's smile is at once gone. Art moves off with a grin.

INT. LEXINGTON MARSHAL'S OFFICE - BULLPEN - NIGHT

A few others tidy up for the night. Minimal activity. Raylan sits at his desk filling out his report. He finishes a sentence and puts his pen down, looking over his work.

FOOTSTEPS from behind rouse him. He turns. Winona's standing there.

RAYLAN

Hi.

WINONA

You got a minute?

INT. LEXINGTON MARSHAL'S OFFICE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Raylan and Winona come into the hallway, lean up against the wall.

RAYLAN

What is it? What's the matter?

WINONA

Nothing. I'm fine.
(finding the words)
It's your father...

Raylan knows that look on Winona's face.

RAYLAN

What?

WINONA

I ran into him down at the police department--

RAYLAN

--Yeah. I know he's down there. They called me. He's up to his ways again.

WINONA

You know I'm the last person who wants to go out on a limb for your daddy and I know it's hard for you to believe that he was trying to do something good for a change, but--

RAYLAN

Don't you go tellin' me you think dealing drugs is him doing a good thing?

Winona laughs.

WINONA

Well, no. But seems to me from what he said he was self-medicating. Stuff he was selling was to some vets. To help with their post traumatic stress and all--

RAYLAN

Winona--

WINONA

Now I know what he did is "wrong", but his head was in the right place.

(beat)

That not count for something?

Hold on Raylan as he thinks about that, conflicted.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - BOOKING - NIGHT

Raylan enters and approaches an OFFICER at Reception.

OFFICER

Can I help you?

RAYLAN

I'm here to see about my father. Arlo Givens.

INT. VFW - BAR - A LITTLE LATER

Raylan and Arlo sit at the bar. BARTENDER delivers them each a tumbler of bourbon and moves off. It's quiet for a long while.

ARLO

Took you long enough to come save my ass.

Raylan's silent, but manages a small smile. Some things never change.

ARLO (CONT'D)

Winona must've come to see you?

RAYLAN

Yes. And your new friend Officer Riggs called...

ARLO

I knew you'd see the good in what I was doing if you just heard my side of it--

RAYLAN

That what you think? You may have had good intentions, Arlo, but what you did wasn't exactly right.

Raylan takes a beat to think something over. Perhaps understanding his father a little better after today.

RAYLAN

But who knows? Maybe it's the start of something.

Arlo lifts his glass for Raylan to meet.

ARLO

Right...

Raylan taps Arlo's glass then shoots his drink down. He pulls a loose bill from his pocket and sets his tumbler down on top of it. Then without notice, he gets up.

Hold on Arlo sitting there alone and in silence as Raylan walks out of the bar.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE